Frances N. Wagner HA½
5599285

SUNG BY
MR. REINALD WERRENRATH

THREE SALT-WATER BALLADS

THE WORDS BY
JOHN MASEFIELD

THE MUSIC BY
FREDERICK KEEL

1. PORT OF MANY SHIPS
2. TRADE WINDS - Low High
3. MOTHER CAREY

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PORT OF MANY SHIPS.

It's a sunny pleasant anchorage, is Kingdom Come,
Where crews is always layin' aft for double-tots o' rum,
'N' there's dancin' 'n' fiddlin' of ev'ry kind o' sort,
It's a fine place for sailor-men is that there port.
'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

The winds is never nothin' more than jest light airs,
'N' no-one gets belayin'-pinned, 'n' no-one never swears,
Yer free to loaf an' laze around, yer pipe atween yer lips,
Lollin' on the fo'c's'le, sonny, lookin' at the ships.
'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

For ridin' in the anchorage the ships of all the world
Have got one anchor down 'n' all sails furled.
All the sunken hookers 'n' the crews as took 'n' died
They lays there merry, sonny, swingin' to the tide.
'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

Drowned old wooden hookers green wi' drippin' wrack,
Ships as never fetched to port, as never came back,
Swingin' to the blushin' tide, dippin' to the swell,
'N' the crews all singin' sonny, beatin' on the bell.
'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there.

Words by
JOHN MASEFIELD.
(From "Salt-water Ballads")

Music by
FREDERICK KEEL.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

f

"It's a sun-ny pleas-ant an-chor-age, is

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UPB

King - dom Come, Where crews is al-ways lay-in' aft for dou-ble tots o' rum, 'N' there's

danc - in' 'n' fid - dlin' of ev - ry kind o' sort, It's a

fine place for sail - or-men is that there port. 'N' I wish— I___

wish as I was there.

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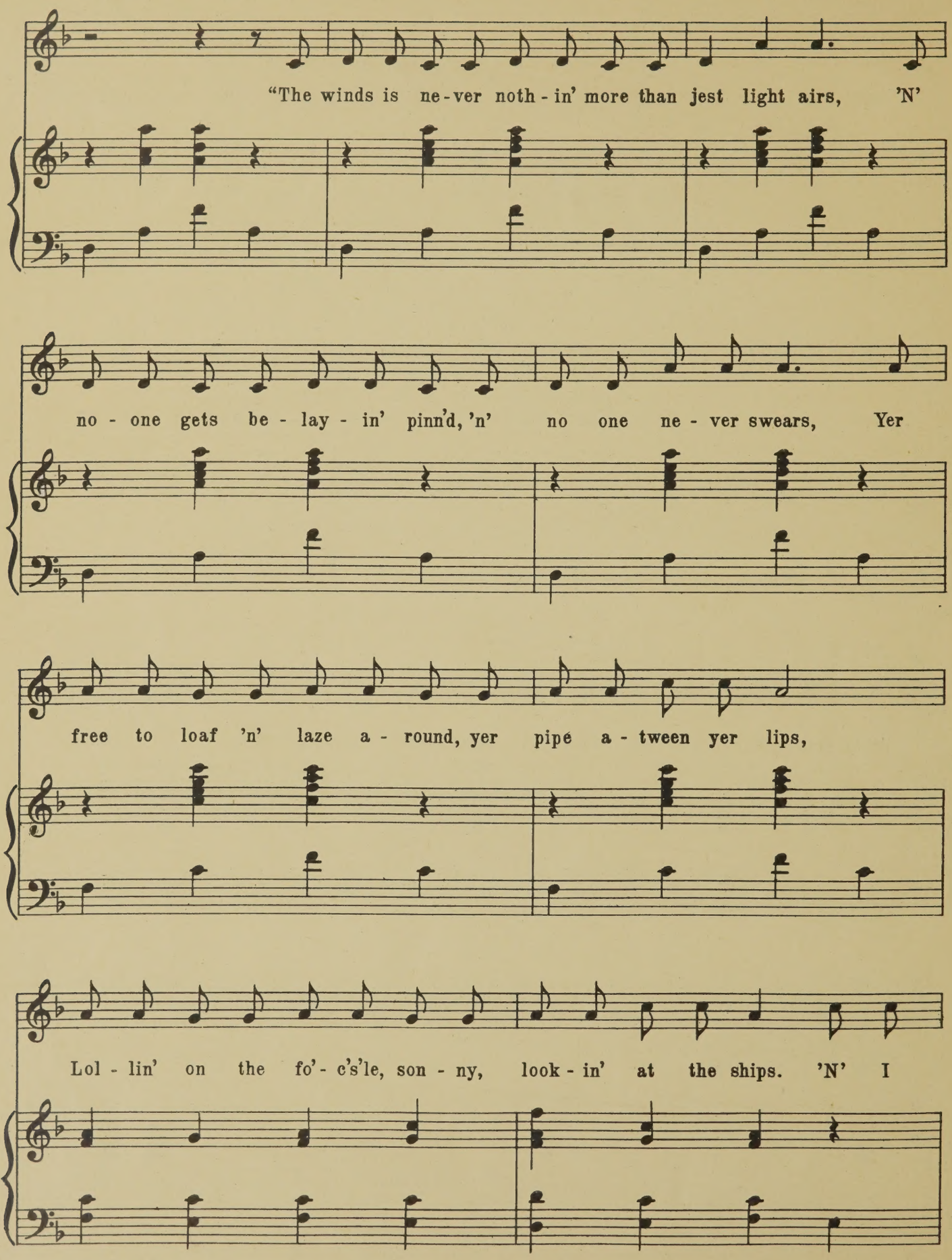
"The winds is ne-ver noth-in' more than jest light airs, 'N'
no-one gets be-lay-in' pinn'd, 'n' no one ne-ver swears, Yer
free to loaf 'n' laze a-round, yer pipe a-tween yer lips,
Lol-lin' on the fo'-c's'le, son-ny, look-in' at the ships. 'N' I

wish— I__ wish as I was there.

"For rid - in' in the an - chor - age the

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ships of all the world Have got one an - chor down 'n' all sails furl'd.

All the sunk - en hook - ers 'n' the crews as took 'n' died They

lays there mer - ry, son - ny, swing - in' to the tide. 'N' I wish— I

f

wish as I was there.

p

"Drown'd old wood - en hook - ers green wi' dripp - in' wrack, Ships as ne - ver fetch'd to port, as

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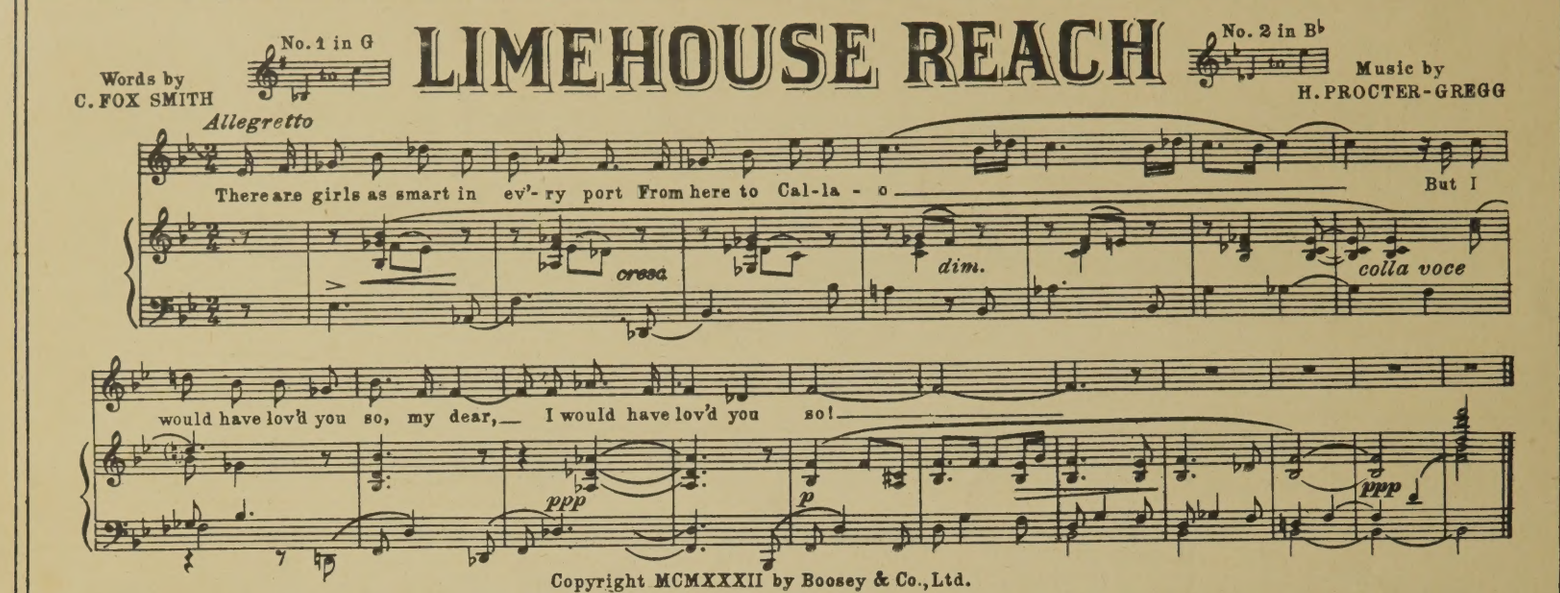
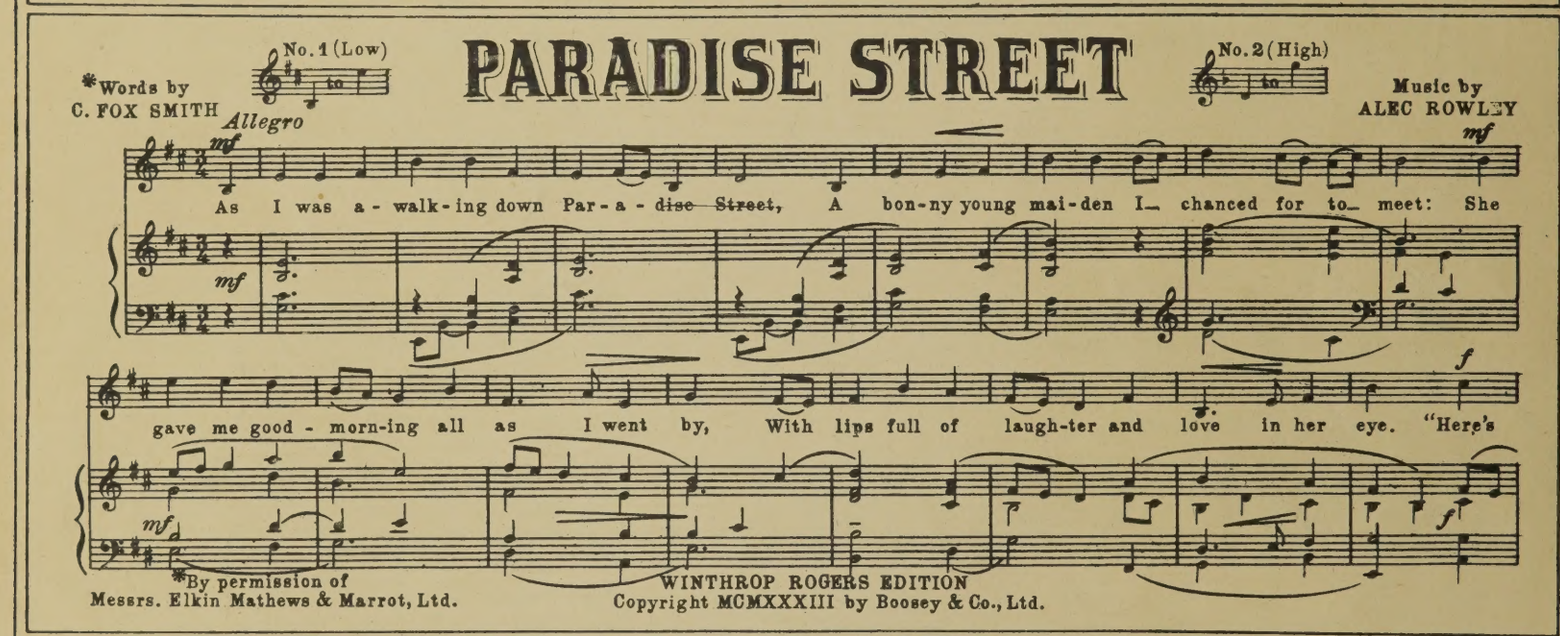
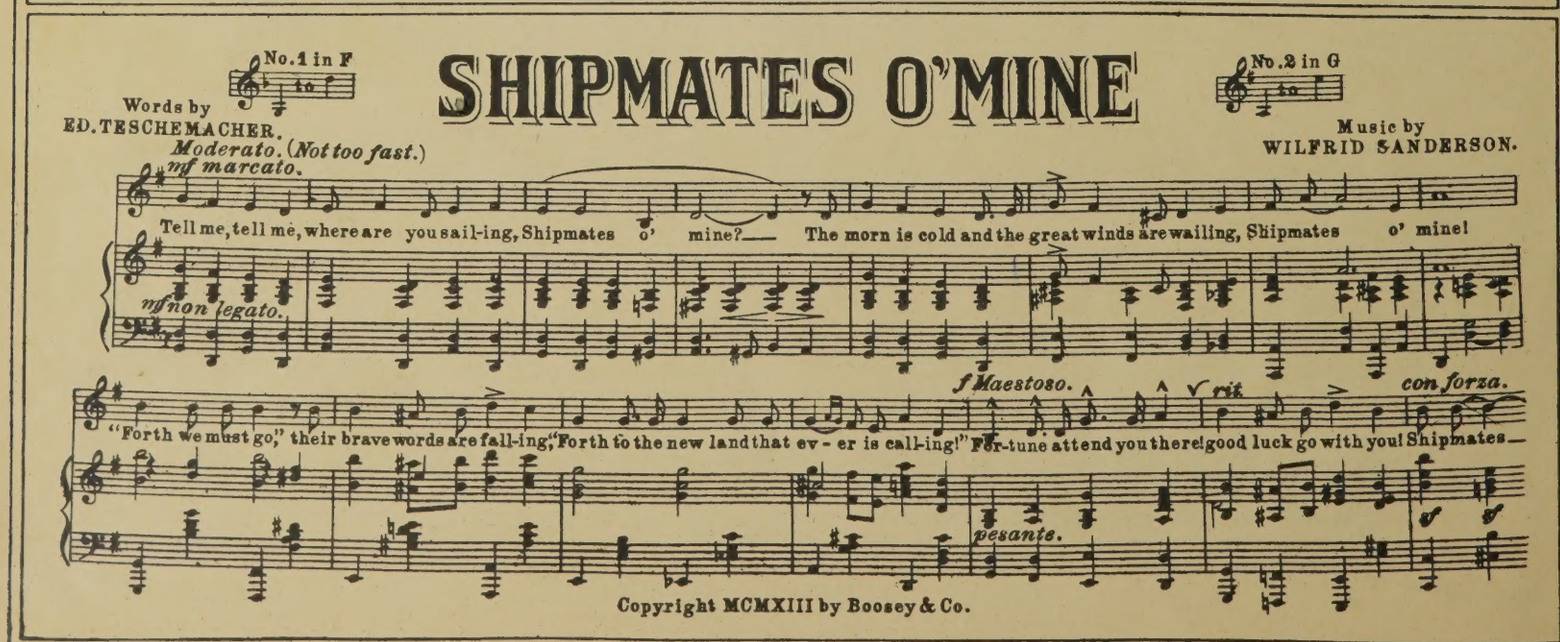
ne-ver came back, Swing-in' to the blush-in' tide, dipp-in' to the swell, 'N' the

crews all sing-in', son-ny, beat-in' on the bell. 'N' I wish— I

wish as I was there, I wish— I wish as I was there."

pp *p* *pp*

morendo. *ppp*

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